The prisoner shuddered visibly.

"Did Col. Hasbrooke have anything to say about the case?" he asked. Not to me, he didn't, but when Capt. conviction, he spoke up an' 'lowed that it was a shame to talk of a man's guilt as if he didn't have much use for goin' to get one o' the old man's daugh-

Ronald had another question ready. "What are my chances on getting

"To be perfectly candid with you," answered Ratcliff, "I am afraid you are goin' to have a big disappointment. his hand. You see, accordin' to the readin' o' the law, a justice o' the peace can't set bail in any case whar thar is a reasonable auspicion of murder, an' it wouldn't surprise me (as the land lies now) for you to have to He in jail till the spring term o' court. I wouldn't say this," I didn't think it is always better to be prepared for the worst. I don't want give the prosecution a chance to exult over yore looks. When I told my wife how the case stood this mornin'. tell how Squire Richardson is gwine to act: he's a little wishy-washy; he tries to imagine he belongs to the aristocracy. Jest a minute ago I seed 'im in Smith's bar a-drinkin' with Capt. Winkle. I can't imagine why that little dude is so much concerned in this trial. I'd bet a hoss to an empty hen's nest that he was talkin' about

this case. "He's not a friend of mine," plained Ronald, despondently. "Do you mean that he is a shore 'nough enemy?" questioned Ratcliff, with some concern.

"I think he would like to see me suffer as heavily as possible in this matter, Mr. Rateliff.

"That accounts for it, then." the sheriff muttered an oath to him-"I wish that Richardson was a broader man; he thinks men of Winkle's stamp are just the thing. However, we mustn't cross a bridge before we come to it; the truth is. you've got the best criminal lawyer in seven states; he hain't got much schoolin', but he can speak like rips. He's been scourin' the country to catch up with Thad Williams; he wants to corner 'im 'fore the state solicitor does. You know Solicitor Webb would rather win a case'n to eat cake. If he gets hold of Williams fust, he'll drill 'im so as nobody alive could catch him in cross-questionin'. By the way. Mr. Reddin' told me to say to you that he'd be too busy to see you fore the trial. I'll come up to fetch his face. However, he soon pulled himyou down to the courtroom in plenty

A few minutes before two o'clock the sheriff came after our hero. He had little to say, and his very reticence confirmed Ronald's fear that no new thing in his favor had turned up since morning. The courtroom was crowded to the doors. The first face that fell under the notice of the disspirited prisoner was the sinister one of Capt. Winkle, who sat suspiciously near Squire Richardson's elbow; the of Col. Hasbrooke; but Ronald had downcast. The thought ran through his mind that Winkle had reported the fact of his having been driven to Ratcliff's by Evelyn. Yes, he was sure of it now, for nothing but the discovery of his daughter's secret would have induced a man of Hasbrooke's stay-at-home habits to attend court. Ronald felt a thrill almost of horror pass over him as he thought that perhaps the colonel had come with the sole hope that the trial would permanently remove him from the path of his daughter. The next moment he felt his arm nervously clutched by

"Come inside the railin' an' set by me," the lawyer whispered, his breath on his client's cheek. "I'll want yore suggestions as the case proceeds. Damn it!" he added, as if to himself, "I'll want anything I can lay hold of; them fellers have got the best showin' they ever had ag'in an innocent As he spoke he waved his hand towards Mr. Webb, the state solicitor, a handsome man of 40, with a bushy mustache and massive hair. sat only a few feet away with his head close to that of Thad Williams. They seemed to be talking of the case, for the solicitor was making notes with a pencil and nodding and smiling with evident satisfaction.

"It's but fair to you, my boy," Redling continued, as a bailiff gave them seats on the left of the judge's table, "to tell you at the outset that they have the advantage so far. Don't understand me to say that you will be found guilty in the supreme court, but my hope fur bail is gettin' awful sim. I mighty nigh run myself to death to ketch up with Williams, but an' kept 'Im hid out. Then," speaker glanced towards the judge, 'I'm powerful afraid Richardson iswell, unsympathetic, to say the least. I know men (dad drat 'em!) you don't have to belt me over the head with stockin' o' sand to open my eyes. The truth is. Richardson is as cold towards our side as a wet rock. He didn't want to talk to me jest now. I tried to hint that Thad's oath wasn't wuth much more'n the ravelin's of a rotten wool sock, but he said that was a serious abarge to bring ag'in any oft-izen unless I was ready to prove it. It wouldn't surprise me if a dozen o' Syd Hart's gang ain't ready to swear you've made threats ag'in 'im. Men ' the'r stripe will swear off a arm or a leg fur a dram o' rotgut, or to avenge a dead rascal. If they refuse

"I am prepared for anything," said Ronald, quite calmiy. As he spoke he caught Col. Hasbrooke's eye and held it for a minute. He noticed that the old man's glance was stern and unforgiving. Further back in the row of faces Ronald saw Dave's, full to his great staring eyes with tender awed concern. Some feature of Hasbrooke's reminded him of Evelyn, and he fell to pitying her with his whole heart. He told himself she would hear the adverse news on her father's return home the news that he was to be a common prisoner in the county jali until the foring. He fencied he can I

you bail, my boy, you must try to

pus up with it."

her white face full of despair. Redding was turning the leaves of

a big tome on his knees and as he took no notice of his client the latter sank so deep into his coze of despondency Winkle was talkin' so shore about yore | that he did not hear the preliminary proceedings of the court. He came to himself only when Dr. Sloan had bebefore his trial. He said it sharp-like, gun speaking. The physician was saving that, owing to the critical con-Wnikle, an I noticed that the captain dition of a patient, he hoped that it shut up like a clam. I was surprised, | would be admissible for him to testify for I kinder thought the captain was without delay. After a little discussion his request was granted, and the doctor took the stand and kissed the edge of a worn Testament. It was his opinion, he said, briefly, that Hart's death had resulted from a wound in the lungs made by the ball for which he had probed and which he held in

Here the solicitor rose. "Is that the ball you found in the yound, doctor?" he asked.

"It is, sir," responded the witness, "Dr. Strong," pursued the solicitor. 'state to the court if it is a fact that you found the dead man with a revolver | saddle, added the sheriff, his eyes averted, "if | tightly clutched in the fingers of his

> "That is quite true, sir," said Dr. Sloan. "Thad Williams said that he died holding it, and that he-"

"Your honor," broke in Redding, on she actually cried. A body never can his feet in an instant, "we object to what Thad Williams said "

The judge nodded as he admitted the justice of the objection. The solicitor stepped to the table of the magistrate and took up Syd Hart's revolver, which tire room.

refer?" he questioned, casting a calm look of satisfaction round the circle of lawyers within the railing. "It is, sir."

"There is one more question," said the solicitor, with a smile, "and then we are through with you, Dr. Sloan. You are satisfied in your mind that Svd Hart's death was brought about by the ball you found in his body, and that the ball came from that other pistol lying on the table-the pistol we shall prove was carried by the prisoner."

"Yes, I am quite satisfied"-here the witness paused. "I am able to swear that the ball I found in him was the course, swear that the ball came from that other revolver."

"Well, that will do," said the solicitor. easy emile, full of confidence.

Redding got to his feet slowly. "I don't know, your honor," he said, 'that I can think of anything just now to ask the witness," and he stood nervously pinching his nose as he leaned against his chair and rocked back and forth, a defeated look spreading over

self together. "You say, doctor," he asked, "that you are not ready to swear that ball came from the revolver of the pris-

Before answering, the witness, who still fingered the bullet, took up Hart's | ald, mystified. revolver and fitted the ball into the end of the barrel. Then Ronald, whose others, eves were on his face, saw him start Hart's revolver and picked up the other. He was nervously trying to place the next was the round, good-natured one bit of lead into its end when, with an -thar hain't no two ways about it. I'm face and then, as he did not speak, she exclamation of astonishment, Redding armed, an' so is he. If I don't turn up said: never seen it look quite so pale and strode to his side and stood watching home to-night, tell 'em-" m with widening eyes. Ronald saw a broad smile spread over Redding's face, and then he came back to his place flushed with triumph. Ronald was nonplused. Redding seemed electrified as he bent down and put his lips to his ear. "Thank God, my boy," he whispered, "I'm goin' to wipe up the ground with

'em. Dann 'em, I won't leave a whole rag on 'em!" To the prisoner's surprise, he resumed his nonchalant attitude on the back of his chair, which he hitched about until he had secured his balance. The magistrate looked bored, as noon when the sheriff put Ronald down he smiled over at Winkle. The solicitor at home. Dave had ridden close bewas engaged in conversation with Thad hind the buggy all the way. Now and

bewildered attitude of the witness on "You are sure that the bullet in your hand was the one that caused Sydney Hart's death?" questioned Redding.

"He's already sworn that," put in the squire, sharply; "we must not go over all day to get through."

"It's important enough for 'im to swear it twice, your honor," said Red- wrapped up in a ragged greatcoat and ding, calmly, and then, as he continued, his eyes began to flash and his ered his ears. voice rang out so clear and loud that the solicitor looked up in astonishment.

the ball in your hand could not possibly have come from the revolver belonging

There was a profound stillness in the big room. It was broken by an impulsive guffaw from the solicitor, who shot an amused glance at Redding, as if he thought that lawyer had taken leave of his senses. And then the solicitor noted the white, rigid expres-Webb suspicioned what I was up to sion on the face of the witness and his legs shook at the knees, and he put his he felt his anger returning to him. The the smile died away.

"We are waiting on you, Dr. Sloan," said Redding, calmly.

"It is my opinion." answered the physician, "that this ball could not have been fired from Mr. Fanshaw's revolver. It is clear to me now that Sydney Hart accidentally shot himself with his own pistol. It carries a 38-caliber ball; the other only 32."

Not a sound broke the silence of the room for a brief space of time and then the people began to applaud. "Order in court! I will have order!

thundered Squire Richardson, and the room became still again. With a sheepish look the solicitor went to the table and picked up the two | family. revolvers, and then a sickly smile of ac-

knowledged defeat passed over his face as he threaded his way back to his seat. spite his recent triumph, was beginning It held a face strongly resembling the Thad Williams, called to the stand. I understand he is prepared to swear that | brain. He was free, it was true, but Syd Hart told 'im jest before he ex- she had, no doubt, brought her father's pired that my client not only shot 'im, but that he attacked 'im first. I want to help 'im consign himself to the peni-

tentiary for perjury." The solicitor, after all, took defeat gracefully. It shrugged his broad shoulders at this and broke into a laugh. "You are welcome to Thad as a witness, Brother Redding," he said. "We don't want to hear from him any more." Thad Williams looked like a moving corpse as he stood up.

"I hain't swore a thing yet and Know

of," he faltered, amid laughter all over and her son wondered at her expresthe room. "I reckon I can talk as much as I want to when I hain't kissed the Book.

sionless face.

lm home."

The colonel reached home later than

and the big lamp at the top of the car-

entered the hall he fancied he saw

underhereyes-eyes which absorbed the

her breath as she held his coat for him.

when she had knelt at his feet

bled over their task of unlaging

his shoes he felt an almost uncon-

taken off his shoes she smoothed out

"Ah, you vixen," he said, tremulous-

ways given you more of my heart than

I have to your sister, perhaps because

you have given me more of yours, poor

The tears sprang into her eyes, and

where she had put a cigar and a match

"I have rolled it and cut the end."

He pushed out his knee and drew her

in spite of what you feel to be right."

"We can talk about that later," she

He averted his eyes; a scowl was on

"Don't torture me, papa; remember I

He raised his hand till it touched her

head; he essayed to draw it down

against his own, but she held herself

"Don't torture me," she repeated, al-

"Well, I will not," he said. "Of course

know what you want. The case was

thrown out of court. It was proved

that Svd Hart accidentally shot himself

with his own pistol. Fanshaw was in

no way responsible. He is at home by

"Oh, papa! oh, papa!" was all she

never be happy without Fanshaw-she

would be worse than miserable with

him, after she learned the folly of her

step. No, there must be some escape.

He would think it over again. He had

thought it over till it had become a

sort of monomenia with him. Perhaps

some way of escape would present

itself. He led her to the door and

bowed silently as she turned from him

to go up to her room. He went into his

study and lighted a lamp on his desk,

daughter who had just quitted

Evelvn!

said, "but I must know now what they

rigid with expectancy.

her usual tenderness.

am only a woman.'

most threateningly.

this time, a free man."

stood up before him.

firmly erect.

his face.

did to him. Tell me, papa!"

dear child!"

puffed.

Neither of them spoke, though

"What I want you to do." said Redding, his sharp eyes bent on the gaunt, coatless witness, "is to clear my client's to be no hangin' amongst us. The Lord reputation of all the lies you have told to-day.

"You'd better tell a straight story, Thad," smiled the solicitor. "If you looked for yore pa or one o' the boys, will. I'll forgive you for the way you took me in. "I'm willin' to tell all I know," con-

sented Williams. "I don't want no of Evelyn again, and the gulf between trouble. I've got a wife and six children him and her. Ah, how he loved her!

Williams was then put under oath, other window from which he could see and confessed that Syd had said that he | the roof of Carnleigh, had shot himself while trying to hold his horse in check, the animal being blame; what right had I to allow her thoroughly frightened by the firing, first to pity, then to love me, when Thad showed the court how his friend had evidently tried to hold the reins and lutely nothing, and she everything to revolver in the same hand, and how it | give?" had been discharged by striking its

"I wouldn't a-tried to testify ag'in Fanshaw," he added, "if Syd hadn't

axed me to revenge his death." lamps in the hall and drawing-room. When the witness had sat down amid storm of hisses from the rear of the under their vari-colored shades, cast a beautiful glow on the veranda. As he room and in the crowded hallway adjoining, the solicitor rose.

"Your honor," he began, "the state Evelyn flit out at the door at the end, has not a shadow of a case, and I want which opened into the conservatory. to ask you to dismiss it. When I think He was assured of this when he had how near I came to using my efforts gone into the library, where there was towards the conviction of one of the no other light than was made by the lay beside Ronald's, in view of the en- most prominent young men in this huge wood fire, which flamed and state-when I think how near I came to crackled on the brazen dog-irons, for "Is this the revolver to which you being the tool of the unprincipled she came from the conservatory by anscamp on my right, I feel, I say, like other door, bringing his smoking-jackthanking God for my escape. I want to et and slippers; he knew that she had be the first to congratulate Mr. Fan- had them ready, for she had not had shaw, to beg his pardon with all my time to go to his room for them. His heart and to wish him all success in heart sorely smote him as he kissed her the legal profession, to which, I under- white face and noted the dark hollows stand, he is a brilliant candidate."

The house bellowed with applause as | red firelight like diamonds. At any rate the solicitor crossed over and grasped he had good news for her, but the Ronald's hand. A look of dissatisfac- thought pierced him like a dagger to tion clouded Capt. Winkle's face, and think of it as such. Desnite himself, a Col. Hashrooke, with an inexplicable frown gathered on his brow. She expression, was seen worming his way misunderstood it, and he saw her eatch towards the door through the now standing crowd.

The sheriff, when the case had been cause of his death, but I cannot, of formally thrown out of court, sprang and her white tapering fingers tremupon a bench and pounded another with his walking stick.

"Boys," he bellowed, "I driv' Mr. Fan- trollable impulse to snatch her and he turned to Redding. "The wit- shaw into town in my turnout, an' I to his breast and son out the awful reness is with you," he added, with an | want the honor o' takin' 'im back the | bellion within him. When she had

Ronald, in the midst of a surging | the wrinkles in his stockings and put throng eager to grasp his hand, looked on his slippers, finishing her task with over their heads and nodded to Rateliff. a little sad par as she rose to her feet. When the crowd was thinning somewhat he found Dave at his cibow. Dust | ly-"Evelyn, you are my baby!" He had accumulated on the rough fellow's looked towards the door. "I have alcheeks, and through it were the damp tracks of tears. The hand he gave his brother was cold and quivered

"I don't want to do anything 'thout consultin' you, Ron," he began, "so I thought I would ax you about Thad Williams.

for him. "What about him?" questioned Ron-There was a catch in her voice as she Dave drew him out of earshot of the scratched the match and held it to the

"I don't think I can ever respect and turn pale, as he hastily put down self," he said, with a gulp, "if I don't done you. Ron, I have got to fight 'im

bis shoulders.

"I'd rather you would not, Dave," he said. "This must end the whole things down on it. He felt that her body was You must not put yourself into the jail from which I have escaped. "Ron, I'd ruther die than let that

His brother laid both of his hands on

triffin' skunk-" But Ronald would not listen to him. and in a few minutes persuaded him to

drop his desire for revenge.

CHAPTER XVL:

It was about six o'clock that after-Williams and did not seem to note the then, when passing some acquaintance on the road or in a distant field, he would wave his slouched hat and give a vell that would have done credit to the lungs of a savage. When they arrived at home he fastened the bridle reins to a post and sprang over the fence into the yard. Old Fanshaw sat the same ground twice. It will take nodding, half asleep, on the porch in a spot where the last rays of the slanting sunlight were falling; he was well wore a cap, the flaps of which cov-

"Ron's come cleer!" Dave shouted to him, and seeing his sister at the small-"Dr. Sloan, is it not your opinion that | paned window, he yelled the same words

to her. "I know better," grunted Fanshaw, who, being short-sighted, had not noted the arrival of the buggy. "Come cleer

the devil!" "Well, than he is out than with Ratcliff," Dave assured him. "Ax the sheriff, if you think I'm a-lyin'."

With a band on either side of his chair, the old man got to his feet. His hand on the railing. Then he saw Ronoutlook seemed so hopeless. She could ald approaching, and he stood still, his features working strangely.

"What's this I heer?" he stammered. his few remaining teeth showing between his tobacco-stained lips. "It was proved that he killed himself

accidentally with his own revolver,"

our here informed him. "Huh, it is jest some lawver's trick!" growled the man, who had not felt enough interest in the matter to attend the trial, and he tottered down the steps calling in a sort of human bark to Rateliff, who was driving away. He

was bent on getting a confirmation of

the story from some one outside of his

Ronald passed into the house and went up to his room. His heart, de-"Now, your honor," said Redding, "I to feel heavy again. No sooner was he want to have the state's witness, Mr. | assured of freedom than dire thoughts of Evelyn came flocking to his wearied wrath down upon her head. He stood at a window watching the sunlight climb up the side of a rupped cliff a mile toward the east. He heard the shrill voice of Ann Josephine out near the

> corn bouse. "Oh, ma!" she was calling, "Ron's come cleer-Ron's come cleer!" Our hero could see his mother's ro tund figure as she emerged from the corn house and waddled towards the hog-pen, her apron filled with applea.

CHAPTER XVII. The colonel began to walk back and forth in the room. Now and then be "Ain't you jokin', Josie?" she asked,

place and closed the drawer.

would stray across the hall and pause in the doorway to give half an ear to Caroline, who was listlessly playing the "No, the sheriff has jest now fetched dano. Her music had never touched "Well, I feel easier," sighed the old him as had Evelyn's. Evelyn's songs-

her lightest touch-seemed to invite the woman. "I'm glad thar sin't goin' line looked up and saw him standing knows we've had mighty nigh ever'in the doorway. thing else to happen to us. Ever since "Father," she turned on the stool. yore gran'pa was put in jail, I have

marry him; he says he will write to you if I encourage him to do so." Ronald turned from the window; his Hasbrooke advanced till he stood beheart was very heavy. He was thinking hind her. Somehow he had little in-

clination to touch this one of his daughers. "Well," he asked, "have you He crossed the room and stood at anthought it over?" Caroline turned a page of her music-

book leisurely. "I am to blame," he sighed, "sadly to "I like him as well as I ever liked anybody," she said, slowly. "You know he is well off; he has a nice home-the I have nothing to offer-nothing, abso-Hardys are good people. I have always wanted to live in Charleston."

"Then write him it is all right," rehammer against the pummel of the Ronald. Night was beginning to fall, turned Hasbrooke, wearily, and they went in to supper. Evelyn came down a moment later. Her father wondered riage-drive threw its rays far down the tree-bordered avenue as he drove at the transformation in her. In her through the big wrought-iron gate. The evening dress, she looked like a flower which had never been touched by After they had left the table she

followed him to the door of his study, but he coldly begged to be left alone, and asked her to send James to him. The servant found him at his desk. "I want you to bear a message for me, James," he said. "I want to have a

private talk with Mr. Ronald Fanshaw. Go over to his house and present my compliments, and ask him if he will do me the honor of calling on me this evening if he has no previous engagement. You remember my exact words,

The servant repeated them. "That will do, and when he comes show him into this room, and see that we are not disturbed."

"Thank you, suh." About eight o'clock Rona'd rode up to Carnleigh and turned his horse over to a waiting groom. At the foot of the steps he was met by James, who, in a low, guarded voice, invited him into his master's study. As he passed the winfow of the drawing-room the young man had a flashlight view of Evelyn as she sat reading at the center table un- age, prosecute him." der a tall lamp with a pink shade. He had never seen her countenance so rasession of his brain that it was due to still as a statue. his release from prison, and that idea was infinitely sweet to him after what needless pain," said the colonel. he had been forced to endure.

As he entered the colone,'s study, from the walls of which family portraits leaned downward in deep, oldfashioned gilt frames, a casual observer people, and you had not a dollar to world rather than a man whose life exa single county.

she turned away quickly to a table extended his hand, stiffly, "I must congratulate you upon your escape from | ply cannot! that disagreeable affair. I was rejoiced at the outcome."

Ronald thanked him, surprised at his own calmness; the warm memory of Evelyn's face, as he had just seen it, in-"Thank you, baby," he said, as he spired him with strange, unexpected onfidence in himself. The chair he had For a moment she stood searching his been given was quite near Hasbrooke's, and as the colonel continued to speak "I have waited as long as I can, papa. bow resting on his desk. This posture seems to me that I shall die if I do

"I may as well come directly to the tone. "To be frank, I find myself completely in your power, and, since it must "Evelyn, you are my most helpless be so, it is a comfort to be in the power child. I must do my duty towards you of a fearless man, and one who would.

I am confident, despise to take unfair Sheeslid her arm round his neck, but advantage of me. he knew that it did not clasp him with "I am sure I do not understand," faltered the visitor, in surprise. The old man twisted himself round

strong features out in minute lineality

against the wall behind him. "You have me, Mr. Fanshaw, as completely in your power as if I lay at your feet and you held a saber against my heart. My daughter has withheld nothng from me. Be her judgment good or she loves you as she loves her life. She believed you have been greatly wronged-always misunderstood-and that has intensified her love. At first I was inclined to blame you for taking unfair advantage of her experience in worldly matters, but I am now forced to admit that you have done nothing I should not have done had the woman been as attractive personally as my daughter. I know you must care for

He felt her gasp, and then her head her, Fanshaw, and that is why I have fell on his shoulder, all the rigidness of ent for you to unbosom myself." suspense was gone from her body; she The speaker's words had been growlay like one dead. He thought she had ng more and more indistinct, until fainted, but a moment later she stirred; bey finally died in the still room. Ronthe color ran into her face, and she ald knew that he was expected to reply, but he could gather nothing befitting the moment from the mass of thoughts could say, but a world of unutterable and emotions that seethed in his heart. joy lay in her tone. His cigar had gone At this point a bar of soft, rippling out; he took a taper from a vase on notes came from the plane, and they the mantelpiece and lighted it at the were caught up by a sweet, well-trained fire, and as he applied it to his cigar voice singing a happy song. The old

man held up his hand. "You see how she feels, Fanshaw," he said, huskily; "since your arrest she has looked more dead than alive. I was seriously afraid she would not survive. But you see how she is now: I told her the news just before supper, and shealmost fainted with joy. That is why I sent for you; I am unable alone to fight a love like hers. You and I must decide on what to do-between us!"

"Between us," repeated Ronald, still in the dark as to what was expected of

then he sat down and began to fumble Hasbrooke's face under the ordeal besome papers which one of his agents fore him took on the color of ashes, and had left for his inspection, but his mind as he began to speak again he picked was clinging to Evelyn-Evelynthe nap from the sleeve of his coat with the mechanical action of a dying man. He opened a drawer in his desk and "Perhaps, Mr. Fanshaw, it may be as took out a miniature framed in gold. well to begin by our admitting that my social training has been different from yours. In my cradle I imbibed certain room, and as he looked at it a flood of conventional ideas of the duty of a man tender recollections rushed over him. of my name to his stock. From your "If you had only lived, dear Evelyn, standpoint, doubtless, I am wronghe murmured; "if you were here you'd from mine, right. I am coming to the know what to do. It may be that point, and I trust you will pardon me Fanshaw could love her as I loved you. for being painfully plain. Fanshaw, as and in that case. I may be wronging far back as my family records run -and him; but oh, my angel wife, I do not we have volumes of them, sir-we have know what is best!" He gazed at the never found the line tainted with disface in the little frame for another minute and then he restored it to its

Hasbrooke paused, taking a full preath. It was evident to Ronald that the climax was near, but he made no comment. The room was very still; outside of it could be beard only Evelyn's

countable despair had seized on the young man's heart. He knew not what was coming, but whatever it was would not be pleasant.

"You see, Fanshaw," the colonel seemed to pull himself up to his task sweetest memories to his heart. Caro- with extra effort, "if my daughter must marry and bring children into the world. I should naturally desire the alliance to be with a man against whose Mr. Hardy has written asking me to family there had never been a charge of -dishonesty!"

> Ronald breathed bard. The last word had fallen like a powerful weight which crushed out the last bit of hope he had ever had of fighting the world's difficulties.

> "I think I understand, Col. Hasbrooke," he heard his words jarring against the sweet floating sounds of Evelyn's voice, which was rising like a happy prayer to heaven.

> The colonel leaned forward almost in an attitude of pity.

"Don't understand me to say, Mr.

Fanshaw," he said, "that I should, demand a pedigree with my daughter's husband, for I think there are good people who have not kept up their family records, but if I knew-actually knew of dishonesty in a family, that, sir, I should try to save my child from as I would from hereditary consumption or insanity. I had a dear friend, Mr. Fanshaw, in Virginia, who belonged to one of the best familiesdistantly related to the Carnleighs. He had a beautiful daughter who fell in love with a self-made man, whose grandfather had been accused of dishonest dealings. My friend reluctantly gave his consent, but the only issue of that marriage, Mr. Fanshaw, was a son who became an outlaw and broke the hearts of both his parents. Pardon me, sir, but I started out to be plain, and remember, we are consulting about the welfare of one we both love. Mr. Fanshaw, my father's brother, who lived in East Tennessee, was the judge who sentenced your grandfather, Abraham Fanshaw,

prison for 20 years for theft. I know nothing of your father's life in Tennessee, but it pains me to say that I detected him five years ago loading a wagon with wheat from one of my barns. He confessed his guilt and threw himself on my mercy, and I did not, thinking of his family and his old Hasbrooke paused; he was not look-

ing at Ronald, who had covered his diantly aglow. The thought took pos- face with both his hands and sat as

"God forgive me if I have given you would not have spoken if I could have seen any other way of making my awful fears clear to you. Fanshaw, if these things were not true of your would have taken him for a man of the your name, I should, seeing how my daughter leves you, turn over to you periences were bounded by the limits of and her all the property which is to go to her at my death. As God is my "First of all," said the colonel, as he judge, I wish I could end it all by giving her to you, but I cannot! I sim-

Ronald rose to his feet; he recled a little as he reached for his hat, which

lay on the desk. "I have really never hoped to win her," he said, unsteadily. "You are right. It ought never to be. Children of mine shall never live to curse the world! I see my duty to her-to you. May God have mercy on me!"

he leaned his head on his hand, his el- light step outside and Evelyn suddenly The music had ceased: there was a threw his face somewhat into the opened the door, pausing on the no tellin what quar notion might strike threshold with an exclamation of sur-

point, Mr. Fanshaw," in a forced, tense off as her eyes fell to studying her lover's agonized face. "Papa," asked, coming forward and standing between the two men, "what does this mean?"

The old man collected his senses

slowly. "Daughter," he said, after an ward pause, "I have sent for Mr. Fanshaw to consult with him in regard to to have me swing for what I never in his chair; the lamplight brought his the welfare of you both, and together -after talking it all over-we have come to a mutual agreement that the idea of marriage between you-ever, at any time-would be unwise-is not

to be thought of."

Evelyn fastened a questioning, half distrustful gaze on her lover. "Do you think it would be better for you to give me up?" were her words, each delivered after a little incredulous halt. "You see, Ronald, I have never known whether I could be a help to you. If you should want me, I would be ready to stand by you through trouble, adversity-everything that might come; but you are the man; you know best, and if" (her eyes went darting from one rigid face to the other) "if-" she made another beginning, but broke down and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Her breast heaved high. Hasbrooke nodded despairingly to Ronald and the latter took the hint. "Circumstances beyond our control make it advisable that we should separate." he said, automatically.

She uncovered her face, disclosing no trace of tears. "Am I to be told about the-the circumstances?" "They concern only myself," answered Ronald, with another glance at her father. "I would rather not speak

of them." "Very well, then," she drew herself up erect. "I may as well say good-As she gave him her hand the eyes of her father flashed with subtle pride, but the next moment he had another glimpse of her inmost soul. "Remember, Ronald," she said, "that I shall never kneel down without praying for you. Remember that I

as I live! He bowed low; he tried to say some thing, but the ball in his throat rose and choked him. He heard the door close and knew she was gone.

Like an automaton, Hasbroo. moved forward and laid his two hands on the shoulders of the crushed young man.

"It has ended better than I could have hoped," he declared. "Bear up. Many things are within your grasp, but my child was not for you. She's not for me, either, Fanshaw" (sighing) "she'll never be the same again -- never!"

CHAPTER XVIII. The next month was December.

Christmas day was made known to the Fanshaws chiefly by the fireworks which were discharged by the negroes on the Hasbrooke estate. The dawn came in with a great tooting of horns. sweet, ringing notes and vague, unes beating of old pans, the discharge of

guns, the bursting of inflated hos bladders. There was to be a cakewalk in the barn, a dance, a barbecued ox, a glorious feast, a Christmas tree. I attended to it."

The Fanshaws were not going to indulge even in an extra dinner. Ronald had remembered his hands by pres- Ronald thought he had never seen her ents of money, but they were going to spend it in town. Something, however, did happen to mark the day as an eventful one. Old Jade Fanshaw was brought home in Bud Tarbell's ders, closed her lips tightly and left the dump eart, on a pile of wheat straw, covered by an old quilt. This occurred about 12 o'clock in the day. Ronald remembered that it took place just as the dinner bell rang at Carn-Bud Tarbell told the little leigh. group in the front yard that Jade 'wasn't dead an' they needn't be skeerd." He explained that he was driving along a mountain road looking for sticks of lightwood when he saw

down on his all-fours, crawling along with head down like a grazing cow. "At fust I was afeerd of 'im, fur he was actin' mighty curis," observed Tarbell, "but terrectly his knee j'ints seemed to flicker an' he come down kerplank in the mud on his stomach Then I drive up an' put 'im in my

Fanshaw walking ahead of him as

sound as a dollar as far as he was

able to see. He looked away for a

minute and then he saw Fanshaw

Mrs. Fanshaw was always a calm woman; she went out at the gate, waddled up to the cart, and shook the human heap on the straw.

"Looky heer, what's a ailin' of you, Jade?" she asked, seeing his eyes open, Fanshaw sat up slowly, but he looked like a man with only a shadow of a soul in him; his eyes glared in ghastly sockets and their whites had turned red. As he looked round at the group he seemed to recognize them, but a shifting look of terror was in his glance. He began to work his lips, to the edge of which his stubbly beard grew, but only unintelligible sounds issued.

"His tongue is paralyzed," commented his wife; "look how that side is drawed down to his neck. I declare he's got a wad o' tobacco betwixt his jaws clamped thar as tight as a cider press. Jade, spit that thar ruck out! Spit it out, I tell you! And as he paid no heed to her commands, she thrust her foreinger between his almost toothless gums as if se were a child and pried out the brown mass. "Well!" she said, resignedly, "we'll have to git 'im in the house, Bud will want his cart. Come, you boys" (to Ronald and David) "help lift "im out."

Dave sprang into the cart, and Ronald was about to do the same, when Fanshaw's distended eyes fell on him. The old man raised his hands as if to ward off a blow and cried in words now easily understood: "Take 'im

away; he wants to kill me!" Ronald paused, but Farshaw's terror did not abate. He got to his feet quickly and springing from the cart he ran his knees knocking together. across the road towards the woods. Stop 'im, he's trvin' to kill me! He wants me to tell 'im who he is, an' whar t'other is buried!"

A remarkable change came over Mrs. Fanshaw; she turned quickly to Ronald, and with an uneasy smirk, sold: "Don't you go nigh 'im. Ron; he's clean out'n his senses, an' thar ain't

Ronald stood wordering, as Tarbell and Dave ran after the old man. They eaught him by his arms and began to half carry, half drag him towards the house. But Fanshaw's distended eves were still fixed on Ronald in affright and he struggled and fought his captors like a wild man.

"I'm not agoin' to have 'im put me in jail," he snorted, "He's done reported it to Reddin', an' together they are agoln'

done!" Again Mrs. Fanshaw faced Ronald; this time she stood between him and his father. A frightened look of cunning lay in her heavy-browed eyes. 'If I was you, Ron," she said, hurried ly, "I'd go upstairs; he's tuck a quar notion somehow that you are ag'in 'im.

an' I wouldn't aggravate 'im." Glad of an excuse to get away from the harrowing scene our hero went up to his room. Presently he heard the elatter of hob-nailed boots on the porch. The old man, now pacified, was being led like a dumb animal to his room. Then all was quiet helow. The silence lasted till he heard Dave's voice outside speaking through a broken windowname to his mother.

"I'm a-goln' to ride fur a doctor," he was saving.

The floor complained of its burden as Mrs. Fanshaw went out on the porch Well," she replied, "you might as well, I reckon; but I wouldn't git Sloan; he'll charge two prices, an' dun us to leath. It hain't nothin' but a stroke ohow, an' his drugs per nebody else's an reach it. It's jest a question o' time. Dr. Wade will do as well as any-

Later in the afternoon Rounld had ome down and was sitting before the fire in the living room. The man had fallen asleep, watched by Bud Tarbell,

who had sent his cart home and offered his services according to the custom among neighbors in that vicinity. Mrs. Panshaw came in and began to look for s bottle of liniment on the mantel-

"Dr. Wade's jest gone off," she told Ronald, "he says it's the second stroke he's had, an' that the next one will shall never love another man as long carry 'im off as sure as preachin'. If I was you I wouldn't go nigh 'im, Ron, it's best to humor pussons like he is." Our here made no reply. Dave came from the sick room and stood on the stone hearth warming his toes at the flames. Mrs. Fanshaw had found the bottle for which she was searching, and turned to go.

"He won't last long," she said to Dave; "seems to me I heard yore pasay he left off payin' on his life insurance "Two yeer ago he did," said David, lespondently. "I had put good money of my own into that, thinkin' if he died the insurance would help us buy a farm of our own out west, whar Uncle Joe says they are so cheap, but in that hard-time season when all the crops

to the devil."

"It's jest our usual luck," grambled the old woman; "some 'n would 'a' happened to a-kept all that money from reachin' us anyhow. We never was

born under a good star."

Ronald looked up. "You needn't let hat bother you, mother," he said, softly. "The insurance policy is all right;

The sudden change in Mrs. Fanshaw was not alone due to gratified surprise. look at him quite so strangely. She started to say something, which seemed to have rushed impulsively to her tongue, and then she shook her shoul-

Dave laughed. "She certainly acts peculiar to-day," he said. "Dang it, pa does, too, as for that matter. I wish you could a heard 'im rant about you test now. He thinks you've got old Reedle! an' twenty other lawyers on his track about some'n."

To this observation our hero made no response.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FIFTEEN MILLIONAIRES.

That Is All England Has and Ireland Has but One.

There are only fifteen millionaires in Great Britain and one in Ireland-at least this would appear to be so from the official income tax returns just is-

sued. According to the returns, these sixteen persons make the sum total of the individuals in this country who enjoy incomes of over £50,000, and this is

about the "millionaire" level. It is true that there are 184 people with incomes of between £10,000 and £50,000, and, of course, a considerable number of these are just on the line across which they would be classed as millionaires. Incomes of between \$5,000 and £10,000 are enjoyed by 424 people

To be an assessor of income tax one needs a heart of flint. To him the world is a Dantesque inferno, filled with dolorous complainings. It is always, "The worst year I remember, sir." or "Hard times, very

hard times;" every year sees the nation "on its last financial legs." Unfortunately the great majority of the smaller income people have no opportunity of plending poverty. They are people with salaries, and the income tax man has access to the telltale wage list. But the millionaire is not a salaried man. For the most part he pays on an assessment provided by

"give one to think." Down the scale the numbers gradual. ly increase until of incomes between \$160 and \$200 there are no fewer than 138,456, while of smaller incomes not exempt from taxation there are 112,4

himself, and the above quoted figures

But there is one singular exception to this steady gradation. There are comparatively few incomes of between £800 and £900, the number being 1.989 in Great Britain, whereas the figures immediately above and below are 3,935 and 2.641

There appears, indeed to be a strange fatality about this particular size of income, for we find that it is rare not only in the case of private persons, but also of firms, public companies and municipal corporations. The return gives startling evidence

of the large proportion of the burden which is borne by the comparatively poor man. Of incomes between fight and £200 the gross amount assessed is £25,933,513; of the incomes between \$200 and \$300 the gross amoun sessed is £24,215,614, but of incomes between £1,000 and £2,000 the gross

amount assessed was only £8,252,524. It is interesting to note that there are in Great Britain eighty-six firms with an income of over £50,000, but not one in Ireland, and that in Great Britain there are 656 public companies and in Ireland 19 which have incomes of over £50,000 .- London Mail.

The Rage For Risk. A list made up by us at random from newspaper accounts, and without any thought of completeness, of the number of persons who have lost their lives through this passion for risk, the love of hazard, during the past few months makes a total of several hundred. This includes some forty-five persons who have lost their lives in automobiles, seventeen who have "missed" their footing in balloon exhibitions, nine who have been ushered out of existence by the means of the bicycle and its allied contrivances, two who have climbed steeples for the last time, three bridge jumpers, seventeen Alpine elimbers, five long distance swimmers. seven who have been blotted out of existence in efforts to break athletic records and scores of others who have gone to a better and, it may be hoped, a safer land by various other agencies or methods designed estensibly to promote the joys of this present life. If to this list we should add the 200 other mountain climbers who, it is said, have lost their lives in the Alps during the past ten years, the total sacrifice of human life to the rage for risk would indeed assume formidable proportions.

Her Two Blessings.

The Paris letter in the Saturday Evening Post tells of the two blessings of western civilization it is the ambition of an American educated Japanese girl to take home to her land. It was at one of M. Delcasse's receptions in the ministry for foreign affairs. She came with the Japanese embassador's party, and she was winsome as a flower, this delicate Japanese girl-oh, an amber girl!-dressed in the silken splendor of her race. Therefore was it almost uncanny to hear her talk with a down east accent. When you gasped, she said:

"Why, I am a Wellesley girl, you know.

"And are you going home?" "Yes; back to Japan." The small face grew very serious.

Cieveland Plain Dealer,

"I want to teach my people two things when I get back," she said-"ice cream and the gospel." SUCCESSELL ENPERIMENT. "Mabel married that awfully dissipated

Reginald be Koven has been working was burnt pa let it lapse, an' it's gone hostly on his new opera during the win-ier and he announces that it is nearly

"And is she satisfied with her choice?"
I should say she is! Itis uncle died at week and left him bull a rolllon."—

After the grit, or other serious filess,

take to restore the appetite and strength.